Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE PACIFIC

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"WHATSOVER A MAN SOWETH."

Be what thou seemest, live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's step be thine.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound the conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

—Horatius Bonar.

THE PACIFIC

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A WAYSIDE ALTAR.

"Here, by Life's Path, where toilers pass,
All stained and footsore, day by day,
Lord, grant me grace to build, I pray,
An altar in the wayside grass."

So wrote James Buckham on the opening page of a collection of inspiring poems written by him from time to time, and published two years ago by Jennings & Graham, in a handsome little volume entitled "A Wayside Altar."

All who seek that which is uplifting in literature will find on the pages of this volume much that will make for that which is highest and best in life. The author has, indeed, by it built an altar at which toilers stained and footsore will find comfort and solace.

This on "The Daily Task" is worthy a place in memory:

"I thank Thee, O Thou Love divine,
For this familiar task of mine,
This humble service which I pay
Out of my heart and strength each day.

Sometimes the toil may irksome seem;
Sometimes, perchance, I pause to dream
Of grander work—yet not for long,
'My task for me' is still my song.

Long since I learned that wholesome truth—
The heritage of age to youth—
That calm content and patient strife
Bring surest inward peace to life.

To do what God appoints; to bend
All soul, all strength, to that one end;
To bear in love our burden's stress—
Ah! this is life's true happiness!"

And this from "The Land of the Little Faces" will touch the chords of many a heart:

"I wonder, oh I wonder, where the little faces go,
That come, and smile, and stay awhile, and pass like flakes of snow—
The dear wee baby faces that the world has never known,
But mothers hide, so tender-eyed, deep in their hearts alone.

I love to think that somewhere, in the country we call heaven,
The land most fair of anywhere will unto them be given,
A land of little faces—very little, very fair—
And every one shall know her own and cleave unto it there."

Three stanzas on "Brotherhood" emphasize a truth at the front in the opening year of the twentieth century and destined to be more prominently at the front in the near future:—

"Mark well this fact—not often urged, indeed—
That one's own business, if he mind it best,
Concerns the common welfare, takes due heed
How self, the unit, stands toward all the rest.

A lean and narrow virtue must it be,
Content with 'meddle not!'—to go one's way,
A skulker, hemmed with selfish privacy,
Who lets one's brother suffer as he may.

To mind one's business, rather, as God minds—
That's the true way, the Christian way. God's Son
Full room within the common pathway finds
To walk his way, and yet not walk alone."

NEW ENGLAND'S LOSS IS CALIFORNIA'S GAIN.

There was rejoicing in the First Congregational Church of Oakland when its beloved pastor, the Rev. Charles R. Brown, announced that he had decided to decline to consider the overtures from two of the leading Congregational churches of New England and remain in Oakland. In making this announcement to his people Mr. Brown stated some of the things which had led him at first to give the overtures some consideration; and it seemed to many as they listened to him that all was leading up to the announcement that he had decided to sever his connection with their church and enter into relations with one of the New England churches. It was his hope that knowledge as to the negotiations would not get beyond the official board of his church—after he had decided to remain. But in some way the matter leaked out, and so something had to be said to the whole church concerning it. At the largely attended meeting in which the story was told, the Rev. Dr. McLean, for twenty-four years pastor of the church, was present and presided. As soon as the conclusion was reached, and thus the suspense of the people removed, Dr. McLean asked for the singing of the doxology, and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was never sung more heartily and gratefully than it was in the First Congregational Church of Oakland that night.

In his remarks to the church Mr. Brown called on the members for a larger consecration in the work of Christ's kingdom. He asked of the members that they give themselves less to the upbuilding of the First Church and more to the upbuilding of Oakland Congregationalism; and that he himself be allowed to go out more to the other churches, not only in Oakland, but also more widely in our association of churches, saying that it was with the hope that his life might be made, here in California, to count in this larger and more effective way that he had decided to remain.

We congratulate the First Church of Oakland and all California and Pacific coast Congregationalism that Mr. Brown has so concluded. His departure would have been a great loss.

It is to be hoped that in his desire to be more widely

A PACIFIC MONTH

WE ASK THAT THE FOUR WEEKS BEGINNING ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9th AND ENDING ON SUNDAY, MARCH THE 8th, BE MADE A PACIFIC MONTH.

During Those Weeks Let a Systematic Effort be Made in Every Church on the Coast to Build up the Circulation of the Paper.

LET PASTORS AND LAYMEN ACT UNITEDLY.

We Believe That With the Paper Offered for One Dollar for a Year to All Whose Names Were not on the List the First of January, it Ought to go into Fifteen Hundred More Homes Within a Month.

IT CAN BE DONE.

BUT IT WILL NOT BE DONE MERELY BY MENTION FROM THE PULPIT.

Unless Cards and Pencils are Distributed and Signatures Pressed for at the Time Mention is Made from the Pulpit, not Much Will Result.

It Must, to Insure Success, be Either That or Personal Solicitation.

Pastors, Talk This Over at Once With the Laymen.

Men and Women of Pacific Coast Congregationalism, if your Pastor Doesn't Push this Immediately, Ascertain Why—and Help Open up the Way for Him to Push It.

Don't Let Him Think That You Do Not Want It Pushed. You Do. Everybody Does. But it is Hard to Get the Push Started All Along the Line.

WE MUST MAKE THE DOLLAR PLAN SUCCEED.

"WE CAN IF WE WILL!"

serviceable in Oakland and in California in general he will have the heartiest co-operation of his church people. Especially are we of opinion that this strengthening of our other Oakland churches would be greatly for the good of man and the glory of God.

GOD'S LAW AS WELL AS THE LAW OF THE LAND.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court that the laws forbidding combinations in restraint of trade applies as well to combinations by workingmen as to those by capitalists will meet with wide approval. Of course there are not a few members of the labor unions who will rail against it; but we believe that it will meet at once with much approval on the part of the more thoughtful of our workingmen.

Men have a right to refuse individually or collectively to work on terms offered by employers of labor, but they have no right to combine and conspire to keep others from working, nor to prevent the sale of articles not made or handled as they may desire.

This is the law of the land today; it must remain the law or we shall have no land worth living in.

We say it must remain the law—and this for the reason that it is God's law.

A PLAN FOR THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Concerning this plan the Boston Transcript says: "The scheme of withdrawing children from the public schools one afternoon each week and giving them religious instruction in the churches is meeting with more public support than even the friends of the movement anticipated. It is a plan which was first suggested by a prominent Lutheran divine of New York City, Rev. Dr. George U. Wanner, and it has been taken up by leaders in Episcopal, Presbyterian and other bodies, not only in New York, but in many parts of the country. During the past two or three months official bodies meeting in regular session have indorsed it.

"It is not intended to abolish the public school, so to speak, for one afternoon in each week. It is simply intended that parents who desire to do so may, upon written request, withdraw their children for the one afternoon without detriment to their standing in the school, and send them instead to receive such religious instruction as the parents and their pastors approve. The difficulties surrounding the plan are many, but the situation is held by Christian leaders to be a desperate one.

"Superintendents of public schools in states and cities have been conferred with, and without exception

they think the plan a feasible one. They recognize, it is said, the need of the movement, if the morals of youth are to be taken care of, and the inadequacy of secular education to insure honest and upright men and women. Roman Catholic and Jewish leaders do not wish to appear to stand behind the movement, and yet in large numbers they are individually indorsing it. Roman Catholic priests favor parochial schools, but realize that there are many children whom they cannot reach with such schools.

"The chief drawback is said to be the unpreparedness of the churches to undertake the instruction. Buildings are not available, save in a few instances in large cities, and ministers already have all they can do. Furthermore, it is pointed out that ministers are not all trained for school work, even if they had the time for it. The plan is going, therefore, to require salaried instructors, and that necessitates financial readjustment of church support. It has been the expectation of those who proposed the plan that five years, perhaps more, would be required to get the scheme into public notice. It has come thus far with much less effort than had been expected, and long before the men who start it are able to take care of it."

THE GREEN STREET CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

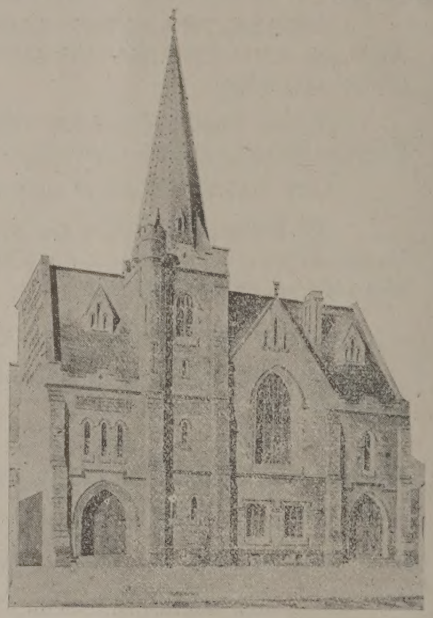
The Green Street (or Fourth) Congregational Church of San Francisco suffered most severely in the great fire. Of its two hundred families one hundred and ninety-four were burnt out; but a faithful remnant quickly rallied and erected the first temporary church building in the burnt district, which was completed and occupied in August, 1906. A picture of that building is given herewith.

From the very first plans were made to raise money for a substantial brick building on the old site; and this building is now in course of erection with one room on the ground floor in the rear completed and occupied.

A library of several hundred volumes has been secured, and so far as known this is the only free library in the north end of the city. Three sewing machines are at the disposal of any who wish to use them. The Ladies' Aid Society has turned out more than five hundred garments since the fire and is now making garments to order for those who need them, at reasonable prices. The money thus earned goes to the Boards of our church. The flourishing Girls' Club is also meeting every week, sewing, singing, etc. The boys of the church have outings provided for them.

The chorus choir practices weekly under competent instruction. The orchestra meets weekly and a junior orchestra is in process of formation. The Sunday-school, which began in a tent with an attendance of eight the Sunday after the fire has reached an attendance of sixty-three, and is growing. Socials and lectures are frequently given. Many classes are planned for the study of the Bible and languages, especially Italian and Spanish; and English for foreigners. Besides these, manual training, gymnastics, etc., will be provided for, shower baths will be installed, reading and game rooms furnished and kindergarten for the children of our church may be started, with a roof-garden playground for recreation.

When the new building is completed (a picture of which is given here) it will include a parsonage apartment and dormitories for volunteer workers. Thus Y. M. C. A., settlement and church work will be in daily operation in this center of Christian activity, and all these activities can be carried on at about one-quarter the yearly expenditure of one of the settlements in the same neighborhood. Lack of funds is delaying the development of this work, and the pastor and his wife are hampered greatly in their plans by the necessity of spending much time in collecting funds.



The cuts of the new and the temporary buildings speak for themselves, and we trust the story of the work done and planned will appeal to some who will be able to help complete the building, which is now well under way, but for which several thousand dollars are urgently needed at once to put the roof over at the full height of the building.

Mr. Francis Reid is the designer of the new building. The Gutteben Co. is erecting the building with great care and at low cost.

THE NORTH BEACH DISTRICT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Field of the Green Street Church.

It is in the center of the North Beach district that the Green Street Congregational Church is situated, of which the Rev. E. L. Walz is pastor. The good work which Mr. and Mrs. Walz have been doing there for several years has brought the church and district into considerable prominence Congregationally, and now that the needs are more fully understood, there is widely a disposition to help properly establish the work. But as set forth in the foregoing article there is need for large help yet.

A recent number of The Pacific Churchman con-

tained an article of considerable interest concerning the North Beach district, written by the Rev. W. M. Bours, the rector of St. Peter's Parish, an Episcopal church working there. We make here a condensation of that article, so that our readers may become better informed as to that part of San Francisco in which the Green Street Church is situate and working, and more hearts be drawn to its needs:

The district is most hilly. A large valley extends through it from southeast to northwest. Just east of the hills which bound it on the east, the elevation drops abruptly to a plain which skirts the coast from the east end of Washington street to the north end of Kearny street, and to the north end of Larkin street. The valley at both ends joins the coast plain.

The views of the bay, islands and Coast Range from almost any part of the North Beach district, especially from the hills, is grand; the fortifications and the shipping may be clearly seen. This fine panorama, framed, as it were, by some of the windows in nearly every house in the district, makes it attractive for residences.

The hills are mostly residential. Montgomery avenue—typical of the retail business thoroughfares, extends along the valley. The Italian banks are located at or near its southeast end. Practically the entire coast line is available for dockage. That enhances the value of this plain for such typical business establishments as California Fruit Canners' Association; Sweet, Davenport Lumber Co.; The North Point Warehouse Co.; Vulcan Iron Works.

An important factor in the business life of North Beach is the 'Belt Railroad,' operated in the coast plain by the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. The Southern Pacific, Northwestern Pacific, Santa Fe, and North Shore Railroad companies ferry their freight cars from points across the bay to connect with this line.

Abundant fishing in the bay and Sacramento river, also outside the Golden Gate, together with the fine landing facilities at North Beach, adds to the commercial attractions of the district.

"The following agencies, beside the occupation possible at North Beach, give to the district a residential value:

The Italian banks have fostered the disposition of the Italians to save their earnings and acquire real estate for the establishment of homes.

Street car accommodations make North Beach a convenient home place for persons working as far south in the city as the Union Iron Works.

That phase of the religious complexion which appears in the results of a canvass, may be represented as follows: Roman Catholics, 65.64 per cent; Protestants, 13 per cent; attached to no church, 1.65 per cent; Jews, .39 per cent; agnostic, .18 per cent; undetermined, 19.14 per cent.

Sharp contrasts may be noted in the way the people are living. Some of their houses are well kept and adorned, others are neglected and barren. In one extreme case there seemed to be no clear line of demarcation between the barnyard and the parlor. In many quarters conditions conducive to wholesome privacy in domestic life are wholly lacking.

Now and then one comes upon an abode in a flower garden, where roominess and beauty combine to make the place homelike. Again families are found huddled in shanties built closely together to the rear of other buildings, and, where in case of fire, the inhabitants would be in danger of perishing.

A rather unusual case was that of a family consisting of man, wife, grown-up boy and girl, and one other child, beside a poor, deformed infant, existing in an exaggerated doll-house. The baby survived less than five months. The funeral service was held at home! One of four rooms, that constituted the accommodations, and in which the little body lay, was almost filled by a small table used as the bier. The officient, in standing by the body, left no place in the room for anyone else, and, when he stood erect, the ceiling-joists grazed his head. The place was exceedingly hot and uncomfortable. If one would wax sentimental, it might be said the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were superfluous there, for a family to remain in such quarters seemed itself a very committal!

In view of the fact that the normal development of man's social nature is so dependent upon the operation in his favor of laws fundamental to his general well-being, notice of the following conditions is appended:

The entrances to some places where human beings abide are through hallways that, even in the daytime, are as dark as midnight. Occasionally, foul air caps the climax of unsanitary conditions noted.

Washington square is being remade into a public park, and so in its partial conteraction of the effect on character of an ugliness prevailing in the distirct—especially during its reconstruction period—because of the exposure of the rear arrangements of so many buildings, will again be one of the redeeming municipal features of North Beach. This park will also afford some relief for that congestion which practically compels children to play on the streets. Devoid as they are of trees and of other beautiful things—with little, alas, to tempt the butterfly, and the honey-bee—there is nothing about the streets of North Beach to awaken the tuneful lyre. Save for the names of some of them, they are barren of music. One, by far too short, is called "Good Children's Place." The legend is, according to a little girl, the children who live there are good and go to church.

The population is decidedly cosmopolitan,though predominantly Latin. A great many are unable to speak the English language, and have to use their children as interpreters. The heterogeneity of the district causes a state of affairs that may be termed municipal indigestion. The hopefulness of the situation, however, lies in the education of the children that is being steadily promoted.

Some baptised persons pretend to belong to no church. A little brotherliness may be all that is needed to occasion the element of Divine life, received in baptism, so to become an influence in their life as to direct them into effective church membership.

The formal acknowledgment of Christ on the part of some seems but a matter to put off until "a convenient season." Who can tell whether or not even one conversation with such may so arouse their better nature as to hasten the day when it can again be said "there is joy in heaven?"

A middle-aged man, who had never been able to discover any evidence of God's existence, was interviewed. He was not willing to go so far as to say "I think there is no God," but "I do not know that there is a God." He accepted a prayer book, and was

patient enough to listen to argument, and did admit the reasonableness of the proposition that to believe one must begin by believing, as to read, one must begin by learning the alphabet.

From time to time, in the course of a conversation, there are evoked wholesome stirrings of heart in confessions of duties neglected and in expressions of thankfulness for mercies received.

Declarations of loyalty to the religious systems to which some owe the stability of their character are not infrequently heard. Such motions in Christian hearts surely have the force of a spiritual awakening. One good woman remarked that she would not change from Roman Catholicism, though no attempt had been made to get her to do so. A staunch Presbyterian was found enthusiastic over the life and teachings of her minister.

There are those who have fallen away from the church, and who have no idea of ever renewing their church interests. To be tactfully persistent with such tends toward the removal of misunderstanding or prejudice on their part, and the stirring up in them of a better will.

Two men, well along in years, were found in a small and miserably furnished tent, where they had spent the winter. The tent was old and leaky. One of the occupants complained of rheumatism contracted from sleeping on a damp bed. When asked about work, they replied that there is plenty of work, but little or none for men of their age. They gladly accepted a prayer book. One of them saw the writer, at his departure, to the tent door with a show of gentility that made the act, amid their poor surroundings, pathetic.

A woman was visited who confessed she had not entered a church for twenty years, and had not during that time offered a prayer, save one at the time of the great earthquake. That even such sporadic petitions bring help to the soul was evidenced by her volunteering the opinion that such an experience as hers shows cowardice.

Meeting an hospitable old Irish woman at her lowly home, a few words of sympathy caused to be revealed what made her abode a home indeed—a heart brimming with love for a husband and a son, both taken in God's providence.

In a quaint little house, built, like so many others at North Beach, as if the front door were placed in the rear, but with garden patch, and cat, pigeons and parrot to make the place domestic, lives an elderly woman, who, when visited, talked of troubles numerous and varied, amid the parrot's incongruous laughter.

To afford a little surcease for a soul with full many a burden, to make an argument for a little more contentment, and, in support of the fact that the world is not altogether unbrotherly, is surely worth the ringing of an hundred doorbells!

The baptism of an infant was precipitated by a visit. The father is Roman Catholic, the mother Protestant. The latter was desirous of having the baby baptized, but did not know to whom to apply for administration of the rite. Upon the appearance of the writer, they decided to have the baptism then and there, which was accordingly performed.

There are many evidences of a wholesome state of personal religion, and of fealty to various Christian organizations.

Some persons are so evasive in their answers that the closest questioning fails to bring out anything definite in regard to their religious interests.

Happily, one rarely hears the laugh of the scoffer. Occasionally stolid indifference to religion is encountered, sometimes, indeed, open hostility. The attitude of some toward the church is curiously negative, their idea in relation to church attendance being that it does one no harm. Some do not go to church, because they claim to be "thinkers;" others, because they evidently are thoughtless; still others because they find no time.

There are those whose sense of vocation seems weak, for after being aroused to a consideration of Christian duty they quickly relapse into a state of indifference.

Great extremes may be noted in instances of persons shifting from Trinitarianism to Unitarianism, from Roman Catholicism to anything under the sun. One young person confessed to a dabbling in Buddhism. What might be termed shiftings in Catholicism were observed in instances of Anglicans changing in one case to the Roman Church, in another to the Greek Church.

Some emphasize the duty toward our neighbor entirely out of proportion to our duty toward God; they strive to fulfill the law by doing good to their brother, whom they have seen, while their God, whom they have not seen, is to them a negligible being. Others land where a neglected or a perverted power to believe ultimately leads them, into infidelity; instead of becoming steadfast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free by attuning the subjective faith to the objective standard of spiritual truth, viz., the gospel of Jesus Christ, epitomized in the Apostles' Creed. Some seem devoid of any sense of proportion in religious matters. By such persons the church is not given a position even co-ordinate with that of the shop A certain person expressed the opinion that one ought to attend services on Decoration day, but declared that on Christmas day the dinner had to be given the precedence.

Marriages of persons widely differing in religion are found, sometimes, to result in total neglect on both sides of church duties. The inconsistent lives of professing Christians are found to be great stumbling-blocks.

To some, church interests are matters to be avoided as hindrances to the business they are pursuing. By others, organized Christianity seems a subject wholly misunderstood. Such is the misunderstanding of those who suppose a merely human society, as, for example, a lodge, is for them a good enough church. A pronounced case of individualism sometimes adds to the variegation of an afternoon's experience.

The grave responsibility of parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," was brought out incidentally in a conversation with a young woman who is an uncompromising agnostic. While not reproaching her parents, she seemed to think that had they conserved her religious interests when she was a child she might now be differently minded. She, her parents and grand-parents are unbaptized. The same is true of her husband and his parents.

A man and wife, both baptized and confirmed in the Church of England, had resided in San Francisco seven years without making themselves known to the church, and unvisited, during that time, by any of the clergy. A few months ago a friend of theirs died, and they were desirous of having a clergyman conduct the

burial service, but did not, strange to relate, in a city of a dozen parishes, and about twenty Episcopal clergymen, beside many others ever willing to serve the people, know how to procure the services of a minister of the gospel; so the friend was buried with such prayers as they themselves could offer. Surely the sheep should not be suffered to go so far astray! And surely, too, there is a point at which the responsibility of people to conserve their own spiritual welfare may reasonably be presumed to begin!

A diminutive stir in the Italian quarter was occasioned by questions asked about church affiliations, so soon as the interrogator was discovered to be a Protestant. At first there was a characteristic pretense of not understanding the questions asked. Then a counsel of war was held by the parties involved—a young girl and her father. As the writer started to go into their apartment house the girl shouted at him: "My father says it's none of your business." When she was assured that there was no intention "to kill the Catholics"—the notes made of the visit being regarded with suspicion—and that the writer was merely a friend in quest of data in respect to religious matters, a pleasant smile replaced an ugly frown on her face, and she became communicative and accommodating enough to act as interpreter for one of her neighbors.

The domicile of a lady of numerous summers was invaded. Upon learning the visitor's errand she would have none of it. Her own religious proclivities were pointedly set forth; besides, she averred that she was born in the Emerald Isle, forgetting, however, to mention whether that event took place before or since St. Patrick had driven out the snakes. With enthusiasm peculiar to the blood, she jabbed the disturber of her peace with the question, "Do you expect to go to heaven?" "Yes, I hope so," was the counter-thrust. The interview was ended with a few commonplace remarks, after the visitor's tainted calling card had been spurned.

"THE BOOK OF PROGRESS."

W. N. Burr, Tulare.

I shall not soon forget one pleasant Monday morning in October of last year, when I met with our Congregational ministers about "the bay" in their Monday morning Ministers' Meeting in Berkeley. The paper that was read that morning greatly interested me. It was on "Preaching the Word," and was an able plea for more expository preaching. The brother who wrote that paper gave us some right searching things to think about, as he pictured the common ignorance of Biblical characters and events. To illustrate this point he told us of a Bible class teacher who once, in his hearing, asked his class: "Of what nationality was Paul?" Various answers were given. Some said Paul was a Jew, others that he was a Roman.

"He was neither Jew nor Roman," corrected the teacher; "Paul was a **Sanhedrim!**"

I well remember attending, one evening some years ago, a meeting of a literary circle made up of some of the most intelligent people of the place in which I was then living. A number of them knew other books well. I remember one rather elderly woman whom I had known somewhat for a few months, and who had impressed me as a woman of rather more natural inclination towards the intellectual life than the majority of the people, who yet surprised me that night by her readiness in recalling events in history, and passages in the best literature, and by her apparent originality. She seemed to have almost anything that came up at her tongue's end, and she had thoughts of her own, too, on a wide reach of subjects. By and by, in the reading of the evening, we came to a paragraph that was filled with references to various Biblical characters and events. The discussion of that paragraph was painful. Some one read it, and then there was silence. A number of persons began to whisper to each other—whether about the weather or something else, I do not know. Finally the good lady whom I was beginning to look upon as almost an encyclopedia in human form looked up, with a weak, helpless sort of smile on her face, and said:

"Well, that paragraph seems to be about all Bible; I guess we'll have to refer that to the minister!"

I went from that literary circle that night with some such thought as this burning in my brain: Why is it that people who are trained to study and have the study habit; who read, and who think, and who are on familiar ground with secular history and literature, and who delight to come together and discuss the best authors, and who can do it intelligently except when they are brought face to face with a reference to something in the Bible—why is it that so many well-informed people in everything else will not even take the trouble to inform themselves concerning the references to Biblical characters and events that are found in the essays, and noble poems, and thoughtful books that they dig into in their literary circles? Evidently some little preparation had been made for the discussion at the "Circle" meeting to which I have referred, of a certain portion of the book that was being read. But not one member of that "Circle;" about twenty-five of the leading "intellectual people" of the town knew or had taken the trouble to look up in the Bible, what the author of their book was writing about when he put into one paragraph several allusions to Biblical characters and events. They had evidently, in their preparation for that evening's work, skipped that paragraph, as some people skip the descriptive parts of a story because they want to get on with the story.

I most heartily agree with the brother who read the paper at the Ministers' Meeting, that the pulpit must do its part toward a more general knowledge of the Bible by feeding the people with "expository preaching." I recall just here a strong word that comes from the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Says Dr. Hillis:

"If for one day in each week, through a period of five years, all the children and youth, all parents and patriots could be induced to **study** and go out to **obey** the principles laid down in the Bible, to nourish reason and imagination and memory and judgment upon its sublime truths, all danger of anarchy and revolution, all fear of the bloody street and the trampled cornfields would pass away. The jails would be closed. The saloons would be crowded more than they now are. The colleges would be filled. A new glory would fall upon the library and the forum. A new era would dawn for music and poetry. Architecture would tax itself for glorious temples. Art would enter upon a new epoch, and liberty would find a new meaning. All society would enter upon a great forward movement. For God's book of morals and mercy for the individual is his book of progress for society and civilization."

A YAWNING GAP.

J. E. Walker.

Where? Between the needs of the foreign field and the supply of these needs. Yet there is no gap between these needs and the **ability** of the home churches to supply them. It is purely a gap between profession and performance, between creed and conduct.

I am stirred up by a letter asking me if a certain worker in the foreign field, "a man of finer fiber than many," has not endangered his health trying to do the work of three. He left a nice parish in New England and a large circle of warm and congenial friends to go into the interior of Southern China, where there are no carriage roads, and he can't even use a bicycle nor have a score of other things which had been the common comforts of his life. Has he not, then, the right to expect that such things as can be supplied to him in the fellowship of the gospel will be abundantly his, and especially all the funds needful for the efficient prosecution of his work. But instead of this, one of his heavy burdens is this yawning gap between need and supply. Three men would find enough to do, and their lives would amount to much more than they could at home. Yet there are none too many good pastors at home, and they are none too well paid. If there were three where now there is one, it would cost three times as much to support them. Yet, again, the average foreign missionary could command a larger salary at home than he receives abroad; and yet again an English daily published in Shanghai once made the remark that 'there were only two classes of foreigners in China who work for no more than they would receive at home, and these were **soldiers** and **missionaries.**'

However, in the way of meeting present needs a lot of good work can be gotten out of the Chinese themselves. Picked men among them are sometimes substituted for missionaries, with a fair degree of success and a great saving in money. But each substitute adds to the spiritual burden on the heart of the lone missionary; and they cannot furnish him the society and fellowship he would find in other missionaries. Much money, also, can be gotten out of the Chinese. But they have more time, strength and talent than money.

A missionary thus situated ought to be relieved of all financial worry, and just a few hundred dollars more would do this. But the Board cannot give more than the churches supply, and what it is now receiving is already pledged up to the last dollar. The missionary sees the work for which he has surrendered so much halting and hindered just for the lack of a slight increase in funds; and what will he do about it? He has an assured salary, measurably well adjusted to his own personal needs. Which shall he do now—scrimp his life work or scrimp himself? You've put him in a tight place.

There is now in China a great demand for Western education, and there are magnificent opportunities for Christian educators, and for Christian institutions of learning. The Chinese government can hire Western teachers at salaries twice or thrice as big as the missionary receives; or it can pick up cheap adventurers. But the fundamental need of all classes, high and low, is moral and spiritual regeneration; and this only Christian institutions can convey to them. Their sages have given them plenty of good maxims, but these are all impotent through sin. Joshua and David could save the sons of Israel from foreign enemies, but could not save them from their own sins; and when at last Messiah came, he was Jesus, the Savior from sin. In China we have seen His power to save on a small scale and in individual cases. The Chinese have a saying, "Where consumption and leprosy are cured, gamblers and rakes will be reformed." Christ, the living Savior, is doing the latter, and Christian physicians are beginning to do the former.

About a year ago I stood on the roof of our Boys' Boarding School in Shaowu, looking after a leak, and there was borne to my ears from a distant garden loud, angry tones. I could not understand what was said, but I could distinguish now and then the word for **mother,** coupled with the foulest word that mouth can utter. It was a combination of words that I never heard in America and never dreamed of till I heard it in China. But there it is universally current. As I stood on that roof I recalled a song I used to sing in my youth, entitled "Mother, Home and Heaven." Oh the terrible, the infinite contrast! But under me in that boarding school were two score youth whose lips I felt sure were purged from all such foulness; for just a few weeks before we had had a powerful and sweeping revival under the auspices of a Christian Endeavor Society and a College Y. M. C. A. and Christian Chinese teachers.

When a Chinese begins to turn toward Christ, one of the first things is the cleansing of his mouth from foul speech. Once we were warned to beware of a certain professed convert because he had been overheard to use that foul phrase in scolding his little daughter. In a few months his life was found to justify the warning.

Foul speech, foul deeds and gambling and opium are universally condemned by the Chinese conscience and yet are current throughout the whole empire; but they are everywhere rigorously excluded by the Chinese churches of Christ. And where converted youths are predominant in our Christian schools and colleges these things are thoroughly excluded from them. There is now a great and pressing need for educators who are men of decided piety and unequivocally loyal to Christ; men through whom the Holy Spirit will work the new birth in the hearts of the pupil.

Some fifty odd years ago a Home Missionary pastor here at Forest Grove said: "To give a young man an education without Christian principle is only to make him a clever devil." China and India can both furnish abundant confirmation of this; but they can also furnish splendid examples of what education with Christian principle can do.

Forest Grove, Ore., January 30, 1908.

HOW CLARA ILLUSTRATED A POEM.

Little Clara was told by her teacher to make,
Like the rest of the class, a fit illustration
To go with a poem. "Which one shall I take?"
Asked Clara, poor child, in some perturbation.

"The Old Oaken Bucket," the teacher replied.
"I'll try," was the answer; and here's what she drew:
A circle, three buckets, and off at one side
Some dots loosely scattered, a dozen or two.

"This circle?" asked teacher. "The well," she said, vexed.

"But why have three buckets? Come Clara, please tell."
"One's the old oaken bucket; the mossy one next;
The third the iron-bound one that hung in the well."

"Of course," said the teacher; "but what are these dots?
I really don't see just what they have to do
With the poem." "Why, don't you?" said Clara. Those spots,
Why, they're 'the loved spots that my infancy knew.'"

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

For many years The Pacific had valuable notes on the Christian Endeavor topics. It is the intention to start that department again.

Remember that there is nothing conditional in our dollar offer. Every person who subscribes will get The Pacific for a year, even though the list should not be doubled and the plan succeed.

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to a comprehensive and scholarly address on the poet Burns by the Rev. John Kimball of San Mateo. Next Monday Professor Dressler of the University of California will speak on "Religious Education."

The death of Mrs. E. S. Williams of Saratoga, which occurred last Saturday, removes from us a woman whose life has counted greatly for the upbuilding of the church in different parts of our land. Minnesota had for many years the devoted services of Mr. and Mrs. Williams; later the Pacific coast, and especially California. Of her it may be well said, as of one of old, "She hath done what she could."

Three of the friends of The Pacific have misinterpreted the statements as to new subscriptions and have sent in their renewals at $1 for the year. This is not in accordance with the order of the board of directors. It was that the friends whose names were on the list the last of December be asked to remit the usual amount in renewing and that the one dollar offer be simply an introductory rate for new subscriptions until such a time as the list should be doubled. And that then the price be one dollar to all. We know of no other way to meet expenses, except by the raising of a subsidy while this is being done. People are not complaining as to this rule; a few have misunderstood the statement.

We doubt not that the subscription list of The Pacific will be doubled. Since writing the article with the caption "A Pacific Month" we have received several very encouraging letters. From the Rev. C. E. Kirtland of Redwood came today a letter with ten new names and an enclosure of $10 therefor. A day or two ago we had from Mr. S. E. Philbrick of Pacific Grove nine new names and an enclosure of $9. In the letter was the statement that more names would be sent in soon from Pacific Grove. The Rev. F. M. Washburn of Lodi sent in six new names with a check for the same. We have received several from Mr. Sizer of Plymouth Church, Seattle, and from a number of other persons one or two each. All who want to ride in the band wagon will read the article already referred to and will act at once.

Last week the board of directors of the Publishing Company of The Pacific was reorganized by the election of the following named persons: Messrs. E. P. Flint of Oakland, J. H. Lawrence of San Jose, E. L. Brock of Berkeley, the Rev. R. C. Brooks of Oakland and Professor Buckham of Berkeley. Mr. W. M. Searby of San Francisco, who has been a member of the board since 1874, being urged to remain, consented to do so, as did also the Rev. Walter Frear of Oakland who has long been a member. Other members, to whose devotion to the work we have heretofore paid tribute, presented their resignations, and, urging pressure of other work, illness and absence from this part of the coast, were released from further service. Mr. Searby has been president of the board for many years At the recent meeting he spoke of the valued service rendered The Pacific in years agone by Mr. E. P. Flint and suggested that he be made president of the board. This was done, and the Rev. Walter Frear was chosen secretary. Before another issue of the paper the transfer of the printing plant to the Publishing Company of The Pacific will be made, and next week we shall be able to make announcement of some arrangements by means of which The Pacific can present to its readers more reading matter than it did before the earthquake and fire, and all for one dollar a year. All our plans are working out in a most encouraging way.

The superintendent of the Baptist home missionary work in California says in The Standard, a Baptist paper published in Chicago: "It takes a good man to be a spiritual leader in this country. He has to contend with all the isms that were ever heard of, and then some more. Any man who can succeed in California as a preacher will succeed anywhere in the world." Of San Francisco he writes: "This metropolis of the Pacific coast in many respects typifies the life of the state. It is the most cosmopolitan city in the country, in proportion to its population. Seventy-three distinct nationalities are represented within its city limits. New York City with ten times the population can only exceed that number by one." Concerning California Baptists it is said: "While we have no conspicuously wealthy members and the majority of our churches is small numerically, they know how to work and give for the cause of Christ. There are two conventions in California, one cultivating the southern portion of the state, which is separated from us by the Tehachapi range of mountains. Each convention has about 12,000 Baptists, and during the past year each expended within its territory for missions and church edifice work about $30,000. When it is stated that the largest individual contribution in our convention field was $50 and that less than fifty individuals gave $25 or more each, it will be seen that the number of contributors was relatively large. This shows a general interest in the work. Thirty-four of our churches gave for the general missionary fund alone an average of $1 per member or more each."

THE PILGRIM BROTHERHOOD.

The gathering of laymen from the churches of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Friday evening was a delightful affair. To the number of 190 they sat around the dinner tables, served by the ladies of the church, and later listened to inspiring talks by different persons.

As one of the results of that meeting we have The Pilgrim Brotherhood, composed of laymen in the churches and congregations in the territory mentioned. the object of which is to promote fellowship, to discuss subjects of vital importance and to secure concerted action in matters of common interest.

The annual membership fee will be fifty cents Many entered into membership at once. Meetings will be held three times a year.

The organization is worthy of high commendation Much good, doubtless, will flow from it in many ways

The Pacific is hoping that a similar organization will be effected in San Francisco, and that once a year at least the two will meet together for fellowship.

More and more, since the division of the Bay Association several years ago the laymen in our churches have been drifting apart. In no respect is there the acquaintance, fellowship and co-operation that there was some years ago. The laymen do not know the ministers on both sides of the bay as they did before this separation took place; nor do the laymen know one another as they did theretofore.

In all this there has been loss, no matter what the gain in other ways.

The officers of this new brotherhood are: W. C. Clark of the First Church of Oakland, president; W. A. Gates of First Church, Berkeley, vice-president; Arthur Arlett of Plymouth Church, Oakland, secretary and treasurer; directors, in addition to these officers, H. F. Dexter of First Church, Alameda; C. G. Hyde of the North Berkeley Church; F. F. Morse of the Fitchburg and E. T. Leiter of the Fourth of Oakland.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, First.—At the Sunday communion 36 persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church. 12 on confession.

Fitchburg.—The new pastor, the Rev. E. E. Flint, had the pleasure of welcoming fifteen persons into membership last Sunday, ten on confession.

Fruitvale.—One of the church families lost its home by fire Saturday night. Led by the pastor, the Rev. Burton M. Palmer, the church has taken steps to aid largely in the furnishing of a new home.

Garvanza.—The work at Garvanza, which has been so admirably fathered by the Rev. Dr. D. D. Hill of Pasadena, is now in charge of the Rev. Dr. Rowell, who is finding there an encouraging outlook.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—At the vesper communion service Sunday there was, perhaps, the largest attendance at any such service in the history of the church. Two persons were received into membership by letter.

Oakland, Fourth.—Eight persons came into the fellowship of this church last Sunday, six on confession. Four of those uniting on confession of faith were stalwart young men who are members of the senior class of the Oakland high school.

Los Angeles.—The work at Dolgeville, which has been under the direction of the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, has developed to such an extent as to need the services of a regular pastor, and the Rev. J. W. Thorpe of New Hampshire has been called temporarily, with a view to permanent settlement.

Berkeley, Park.—At its recent annual meeting Park Church, as it reviewed the blessings of the year through which it had passed, thanked God and took courage. For all the financial purposes $2,490 were contributed; of which amount $1,912 were for home expenses, and $578 for benevolences. The Sunday-school contributed $170.

Oakland, Second.—Learning that home missionary aid would be given and that some valuable families which contemplated moving elsewhere will remain in the neighborhood, among them that of the Rev. J. W. Phillips, a former pastor, the church has decided not to give further consideration at present to the matter of consolidation with the Market Street Church.

Pasadena, First.—A recent change in the church rules establishes the communion days on the first Sunday in February, April, June, August, October and December. This change has the advantage of bringing but one midsummer communion instead of two, as formerly. Since January 1, twelve members have been received, two on confession, one of whom is a convert of the Japanese mission.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—Two persons united with the church Sunday. It is hoped that the rumored departure of Japanese will open up the way for the part of the city in which Plymouth is situated to have an inflow of American families. Because of the presence of so many Japanese in that immediate neighborhood the field is not so promising as it was just before the earthquake and fire in 1906. Under Dr. Meserve's leadership the work had been constantly growing for some time before that.

Berkeley, First.—The decision of the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, whether to remain in Berkeley or to accept the call from the First Presbyterian Church of Albany. New York, has not yet been reached. Last Sunday morning the church unanimously and heartily adopted the following: "The members of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley and of the congregation to our pastor, Rev. Dr. Hopkins:—In view of the call which has been extended to you by the First Presbyterian Church of Albany, N. Y., which you have apprised us that you are considering, we desire to express to you our united and sincere confidence and affection and our earnest hope that you may find it consonant with your highest interests and best service to the Master to remain with us as our pastor. You have accomplished, under the guidance of God, a work for the church and for Berkeley, which has brought strength and joy to us all. You have inspired and helped us and made the kingdom of God more real, and we believe that under your leadership a still larger service awaits the church. If we can in any way lighten your work or promote conditions that will enable you to remain, we will gladly do so. While we would not stand in the way of your best and highest service—for we love you too much for that—we earnestly trust that the way that opens before you may be that of continuance with us, as our beloved pastor and leader."

OREGON.

Oregon City.—The Congregational Church at Oregon City is happy in the pastorate of Rev. Clarence Oakley, formerly of Oakland, California and Eugene, Oregon. Mr. Oakley (who deserves a D.D.) has increasingly large and appreciative audiences. In the opinion of many no more scholarly man occupies a pulpit in Oregon. He speaks to the point, does not confuse, and his sermons are talked about and quoted and discussed by his hearers, a sure sign of close attention. In fact, as well as name, he is a teacher of the people. His Bible Teachers' Training Class is doing an important service in giving Sunday-school workers a definite idea of points of instruction. Financially the church was never in better condition, having raised nearly $2,000, altogether, since Mr. Oakley's pastorate began, one year ago.

CONCERNING CHURCH NEWS.

Washington.

No Washington church news items have been received this week. It is the intention to have something from our Washington editor every week, just as soon as plans for that part of the coast are in good working order.

Oregon.

We plan also to have Oregon represented regularly.

Southern California.

Arrangements are practically perfected to have a Los Angeles letter each week, or to have items from that part of the state gathered and edited by some one as is now done in Washington. These and other plans will be developed after the editor has had time to consult more with the brethren in those localities.

A GLANCE AT THE HOME MISSIONARY FIELD

Excerpts from Letters Received at the Home Missionary Office in Berkeley.

"Mr. ——— and his wife have been with us long enough to make us feel quite sure that they are the people we have been waiting for for a long time. Mr. ——— has succeeded in interesting the general public, and on all sides we hear nothing but words of praise for him. You can imagine how it makes our hearts rejoice."

"As a member of the church and Sunday-school in ——— I feel as though I ought to let you know of the good and earnest worker you have sent us in Mr. ———. * * * I think the outlook is better, both for interest in church work and for spiritual upbuilding than ever before. We find Mr. ——— an earnest, hard-working man, not content to preach to a few that may come to church, but anxious to stir up the people and see something accomplished."

The Home Missionary Society has recently received a legacy of $200 from the estate of Mrs. Mary L. Hale of Martinez, a devoted member of our church there for many years. When you make your will remember to write in it, "I give and bequeathe to the California Home Missionary Society, a Corporation, whose principal place of business is San Francisco ——— hundred or ——— thousand dollars."

The churches are now in the midst of the days when most of them (may we not say all of them) are giving their annual offerings for Home Missions.

Remember that the fiscal year closes March 31st.

More pastors are in the field than a year ago and more money is needed for the work than then.

Much prayer, much sympathy, large gifts are always needed. They are needed now. —J.

JOTTINGS.

A Reminiscence and Its Moral.

Fifty-four years ago there sat on the Supreme Bench of this state as its Chief Justice a man named Murray. He was said to be a brilliant speaker and learned in the law. But he was self-indulgent to the degree of shameful dissipation, and a jolly good fellow among men of that sort. One day, two of his boon companions were arrested for some criminal action (I do not remember what); but they were no sooner in jail than they sent word to him, and by a writ of habeas corpus he set them free. Inquired of for the grounds of his action, he replied: "They are friends of mine; you don't think I am going to let them stay in jail, do you?" I relate the incident, of course, upon newspaper testimony, but have no reason to doubt that it is true. It illustrates the way in which things were moving at that time in the courts of San Francisco, and, perhaps, throughout California.

At length this debauchery of the form of law reached the point where the safest thing a criminal could do, if he had money or "a pull," was to surrender himself to the authorities, pass through the form of a trial, secure acquittal and thus be free.

There was in those days in San Francisco a banker of somewhat limited means, but of superb integrity, named James King, Discovering for himself that his depositors were not quite safe, he sold his business to a larger bank, and became one of its employees. Not long after there fell upon the young metropolis a financial disaster the equal of which in proportion to the size and resources of the community, was probably never equalled anywhere. Every bank in the city closed its doors, though some found it safe to open again in two or three days. The bank in which this gentleman was employed was thrown into hopeless bankruptcy, and Mr. King looked elsewhere for some honorable work. He started an evening paper and called it The Bulletin. It had but four pages and and these ridiculously small; but from its first issue right on its editorials were such that the question each evening all over the city was, "What does King say today?" It grew, of course, in size, in resources, and in power. There was in it the ring of the man's well-known integrity and righteous audacity. He unveiled a condition of things in the courts and in both municipal and state legislation which people had seen before, but only indistinctly, and with a sense of utter helplessness.

In those days I was pioneering in the mining regions and came to Downieville, the county seat of Sierra county, then the busiest mining county, and Downieville the busiest mining town in the whole state. For ten years afterward it was my home, but at this time I was simply exploring. I intended to remain over Sunday, but did not expect to be called to such a service as was thrust upon me. For on Friday a prominent miner, highly respected, was shot down in the principal business establishment of the village, which

then was, of course, a gambling palace. The murdered man was not a gambler, and was in the place, I suppose, to meet some one whom he thought he might find there. The murderer, aided by the gambling fraternity, escaped arrest for a number of years, and when at last he was brought to trial a different sentiment, to some extent, prevailed. Perhaps he would have ventured upon escape through trial and acquittal, but we had on the bench of our district Niles Searls, afterward Chief Justice of the state, a man of stern and absolutely incorruptible integrity.

I was requested to conduct the funeral service of the victim. There were no relatives within reach, and it became a community funeral, conducted in the street in front of the saloon in which the murder was committed. I was moved to raise the question, "Who are responsible for such a crime as this?" And I answered it, not only counting in those who sold the liquor that made the murderer to be beside himself, but also any judges—if such there had been—who so charged a jury as to shield from due punishment a criminal, and any jurors who had rendered a verdict which cleared the guilty. I went on to argue that law-abiding and peaceable citizens were entitled to the protection of the law, through its forms if possible, but in spite of them if necessary, and they must and would get that protection.

The address created more of a sensation than the young speaker expected. I was immediately dubbed by the county "boss" and his followers, "the mob-law minister," and several months afterwards I was told that he declared that if I "got off any more of such stuff at the evening service, he would shoot me on the spot." I do not know whether this statement was true, but I know that he was there and on a front seat, and not there, I fear,, because he wished to worship God. The sensation arose, not from any special force in the address, but because there was a magazine of smothered anger in the community, and a match was sufficient to make it explode, and the evildoers who assumed to run the county machine, could not but feel this.

Little did I dream that what I had stated theoretically would soon be wrought out in actual and awful fact. The evil powers behind the thrones in the metropolis were in far more danger from the pointed and powerful editorials in the Bulletin,—read as they were by almost the entire community—than were the minor bosses of our little county from that funeral address, and Jas. King of William was shot dead in the open street by a man "with a pull," such as secured almost to guarantee him an acquittal. Out of this sprang up a revolutionary movement on the part of the best citizens of San Francisco, which, taking the administration of law into its own hands, acting with moderation and wisdom, giving to the criminals arraigned before it all necessary opportunities for defense, hung two murderers and banished a little army of scoundrels, and finally installed in this city what was, with probable truth declared to be the cleanest, most loyal and efficient, just and economical,—in one word, the best municipal administration enjoyed by any city of America. There have been few if any grander, more brave, astute and successful movements for the overthrow of entrenched wrong and the victory of righteousness, than the Vigilance Committee of 1856.

A recent decision of our San Francisco Court of Appeals, construing the letter of the law in such a way as to kill the spirit of it, surrendering us to the cruel mercies of the bribers and the bribed, giving free scope and assured immunity to officials using official power to protect men in vicious and unlawful deeds. This decision, if sustained by the Supreme Court (as I cannot believe that it will be), would soon bring our city and our whole state again to the point where forbearance would cease to be a virtue, and where, if peaceful methods could not bring life and force and due effect into our laws, the hard, sad, costly and dangerous expedient of 1856 would be resorted to again.

—W. C. P.

CONTRAST.

One sang of sorrow, one without a care;
And many said, with pitying eyes and dim,
"How deeply hast thou suffered, friend!" nor knew
It was their grief which found a voice in him.

Years passed, and all the anguish of his songs
Became his own, yet caroled he of bliss;
Men said, "How gay, how joyful, is thy soul!"
He made reply, "I sing of what I miss."

—Ethel Coleman in the February Century.

THE REVOLT IN FRANKLIN FLAT.

Juliet paced anxiously between the cook stove in her tiny kitchen and the parlor bay window. The clock ticked away with an annoyingly business-like air, as it marked off the passing moments.

Half after six, and no John! The muffins were growing cold, and the steak was broiled to a turn. "I wouldn't say a word," she burst forth, rebelliously, "if he had to come from town on a car, and was liable to be delayed, but it is just so twice every day. The office business is systematized perfectly, and we are only two blocks distant. It is downright selfish in John, to say nothing of the dreadful waste of nervous energy and good food."

At ten minutes past seven a key grated in the lock, and handsome, debonair John Holworthy came in, with an accompanying rush of cold air.

"Hello, girlie; kept you waiting, did I? Sorry, but I met Sanborn out here at the corner, and we stopped to talk. A fellow with his own way to make in the world has to be civil to every one. A man can't be eternally thinking of his meal time and his eating."

Juliet choked back the tears. "A woman has to be always thinking of meals," she answered, a trifle coldly. "You know that I delight in preparing dainty dishes to please you, and in making our nest the homiest place in the world, but it is discouraging to plan pleasant surprises, and have the labor of love and materials wasted or past their best."

John looked at her in astonishment. In their eleven months of married life she had seldom protested when he was late, and then only in the gentlest way, that he had always silenced with a kiss.

He felt not a little injured at her most unexpected attitude. It was a disagreeable showing which he had not looked for in Juliet. In aggrieved silence he sat down to the attractive little dinner table with its snowy linen, glittering silver, and savory dishes.

The little woman at the head of the table looked

back over the months of growing indifference to her convenience, and the injustice of it made her cheeks burn. It was an uncomfortable meal for both, and directly it was over John took his pipe and paper and retired to the seclusion of the Den.

When the tiny kitchen was in perfect order, beans put to soak, and bread set for the Saturday baking, Juliet Holworthy found herself strangely weary and her head throbbing uncomfortably. She went into the little parlor and looked at the long undisturbed pile of music; next, the cover of her desk was lifted and a pile of unanswered letters confronted her, and several half-finished manuscripts stared reproachfully upward—"pot-boilers," she gaily called them, when a stray check gladdened the day's mail. Next she visited her sewing basket and smiled almost cynically at the heap of unfinished work which bore silent witness to good intentions which had not yet borne fruit in finished work.

She had tried so hard to keep all her work abreast, but the meals dragged so unnecessarily, and the whole household system was so thoroughly disarranged in consequence, that everything else was as good as crowded out.

Without a glance toward the Den or its misused occupant, she went into the little bedroom that she had planned with such loving thought, and hurriedly retired to nurse her aching head and outraged feelings. Before long she found herself walking heavily along an exceedingly dusty road, beside which bloomed most beautiful flowers. She gazed at them longingly, but without avail; she was helplessly chained to the wheel of an immense gilded chariot. From every spoke rattled and jangled countless frying-pans, broilers, toasting forks, brooms, dusters, fantastic jelly molds and innumerable other kitchen contrivances. Music and the sounds of gaiety were to be heard on all sides, but if she essayed to move a step from the wheel, an angry discord arose among the utensils. The driver peered over the chariot side. She started. It was John.

All the next day she went about her duties soberly, with the disturbing dream in mind. The evening meal was in course of preparation, when the mistress of Franklin Flat burst into a sudden peal of laughter.

"Bear witness, O ye companions of the wheel!" she cried, enthusiastically, flourishing the bread knife, "that we—you and I—are to deliberately set to work to break our Johnny of his dreadfully annoying habit of being always late. Bless us! it will take heroic measures, but 'with all his faults we love him still.'"

When the deeply offending John came in at 6:30, he found his wife leisurely embroidering a strawberry centerpiece. There was no steaming hot dinner ready to be hurried upon the table. He sat down a trifle uneasily, and looked anxiously at the clock.

"Dinner will be ready by and by," she assured him with a guileless smile. I was busy and it got late all at once. It is a nuisance for a woman always to have her eye on either the clock or the refrigerator."

"Yes, but," he explained, a bit awkwardly, "I have tickets for the concert you have wanted to hear so badly. Can't we just take a bite and run along?"

For a moment Juliet wavered. Those tickets were distinctly a peace-offering—a bribe, for he had not been on time, even tonight. She fancied that the teakettle gave a derisive hiss. With a sudden hardening of her naturally tender heart she arose and set about an apparent hurrying of things; but dinner had to be eaten, the dishes washed, and an appropriate toilet made. For some reason the brisk little woman did not make the time she usually did. They were precisely an hour late.

The next morning there was no wife pointing out the time and urging breakfast. John hurried into the office fifteen minutes behind time, to be reprimanded for having lost an important sale.

It took several verbal declarations on the part of Juliet every day to keep up her behind-time schedule, for she was the soul of system and promptness. She assured herself that she had put her hand to the plow, and there should be no turning back.

Just one week had flitted past. It had been a miserable week for both. John had hurried off two mornings without time for even a cup of coffee, and two more he had been late. The luncheons had been a rub and a go, and the dinners had come almost any time He had attended a banquet and arrived in time to be served with dessert with the rest.

"What do you call this?" inquired John, looking up from a deliciously appetizing dish, which he was attacking at just eight o'clock in the evening.

"The revolt in Franklin Flat," returned Juliet, without the ghost of a smile, but with a ripple of laughter in her voice.

"Will the insurrection be called off, if the chief offender promises an entire reformation?" he queried, laughingly.

"Are you in earnest, John?" Juliet asked with an earnestness that brought back the whole miserable week through which he had just lived. "I am willing to go back on regular schedule time, if you are, but I am **not** going alone."

The man arose from the table. It was only a step to the other side.

"Juliet," he said, drawing her to him, "you have given me a lesson that only a brave and tactful woman could have given. Procrastination has been my besetting sin. Somehow I never realized the value of time and not until you started in to discipline me did I realize what a behind-time habit I had acquired, and how fearfully aggravating it could be. Call off your revolt, girlie! If a man with no excuse cannot be on time, he doesn't deserve to have a regular time for anything."

Juliet smiled happily through a mist. "It takes a brave man to acknowledge a fault," she murmured, "and a strong man to correct it."—Emma Gary Wallace, in Zion's Herald.

Young People.

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

Helen stood on the doorstep with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we will go tomorrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is this errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa, but—oh, no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my orange that I saved from my desert, to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not, but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy! Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into this buggy and I will drive you to Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very pleased as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.—Domestic Journal.

THE AFFECTION OF ANIMALS.

Do animals have lasting affections? Some say not. They ascribe the apparent love of dumb brutes for their masters to selfishness, pure and simple—a selfishness which prompts them to fawn upon the dispenser of bounties in order to gain more bounties. Their are, however, enough instances of deep, unsefilsh affection on their part to prove the absurdity of this position. Here is a case in point:

Caesar, a noble black saddle horse ridden daily by a young lad, was sold because of the financial reverses of the family and taken into the country. Three summers later his former master chanced to attend a rural fair, and while sauntering through the grounds heard a loud whinnying. It was so insistent that he looked about to determine the cause, and found, to his great surprise and delight, Caesar tied to a nearby post. The horse evinced every symptom of joy, rubbing his nose against his old friend, neighing, lifting his foot to shake hands (as he had been taught in former years), and, in short, doing everything in his power to express his happiness. The young man stayed by his side, talking to him and caressing him, until his owner returned, when he proceeded to make arrangements to have the use of him a certain portion of each day during his stay in the vicinity. They had many a trot and gallop, and at the close of the summer he bade good-bye to his pet with tears in his eyes. For weeks after that Caesar would prick up his ears expectantly at the time of the accustomed ride, and whinny if anyone entered the barn. Finally, however, he seemed to give up all hope. He lost his spirit, refused to eat, and in a short time died, although the veterinary surgeon summoned declared that he was perfectly sound, without any ailment whatever.

DETERMINED TO SUCCEED.

About twenty-five years ago a gentleman officially connected with a prominent institution of learning in this state was passing the college building on his way from the town to his home. He noticed a fifteen-year-old boy sitting on the steps in front of the building. Something about the youth attracted his attention and roused his sympathy; he drew near, asked the boy who he was, where he came from and what he was doing there. The replies to these and other questions elicited the fact that the boy came from a distant country, having heard that poor boys were given an opportunity to acquire an education by their own efforts, and, not having means to pay his railroad fare, he had walked over two hundred miles from his home to the school. A home and employment were found for the boy, he proved an apt and diligent student, graduated with high honor, and immediately found employment in the government surveys. The boy had two or three brothers, who, learning of his success as a student, followed him on foot, studied and worked as hard as he did, and are now all honorably employed at high salaries as surveyors and engineers.

A few days ago the management of the Washburn observatory, connected with the University of Wisconsin, and the director of the Yerkes observatory of the University of Chicago both extended a cordial invitation to a poor Wisconsin boy to use their instruments and receive gratis the best instruction that the astronomical faculty could furnish. The reason for the invitation was found in the fact that the boy had displayed a taste for astronomy, and to gratify it he made for himself a rude telescope, with which he nightly searched the heavens, and within a year discovered two comets which had escaped the notice of the men of science.

In these incidents there is a lesson for every poor boy in this broad land. In each case there was the desire for attainment and the effort, energetic and determined, to put the desire into execution. One was willing to walk, enduring the privations of the journey, and to work during five or six long years, in order to realize the desired object. The other was ready to work. Groping as he did, almost in the darkness, with no more than an elementary knowledge, a mere smattering of the elements of mechanics, he nevertheless succeeded.

The common idea that the world maintains a chilling attitude towards talent and recognizes it only when compelled to do so is dissipated by such incidents as these. When a boy or man is heard complaining of non-recognition of his talent, the existence of the talent itself may be called in question. Whenever there is real ability, backed by determination and perseverence, recognition will come. Men are ever ready to assist those who show a willingness to help themselves. It is a fact that President Andrew Johnson could not read until his oldest child had begun lessons in the first reader at the neighborhood school. Johnson was a tailor, a man of native ability, but in his youth lacking facilities. The child came to him for assistance in pronouncing difficult words, and, ashamed to confess his inability to give it, he determined to lear, and that he did so to some purpose was proved by his subsequent history. The men who succeed do not usually begin as late as did Johnson. They generally commence in boyhood, but early boyhood is not too soon, nor is manhood too late for him who will.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Let our lives be pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.

A TINY MISSIONARY.

"Gertrude, could you spare a dolly for the missionary-box?" asked mamma. "The ladies have a small corner not filled and we want to send it today. The minister has a little girl three years old who has never had a doll in her life, so I think you ought to let her have one of your children. Which shall it be?"

"Why mamma, I don't see how I could give up any of my dolls," said Gertrude. "I love every one of them. I might send Polly, since she has lost her wig, but that is the only one. I'll tie her hood on and maybe the little girl will think all dolls are like that if she has never had one. The others are too nice to go to that cold country papa was telling about."

Some one was speaking to mamma from the kitchen, so she did not hear what Gertrude said. The ladies met that afternoon to pack the last things and send the box away, so when they were in the sitting-room mamma called to Gertrude and Guy to bring their things for the children. Everything but the one corner of the big box was filled and the dray had been engaged for four o'clock.

"You are not going to give your very best books and ball, are you, Guy?" said Gertrude, as her little brother brought his nicest things for the missionary box. "Don't you know that isn't the way to do? Why, mamma and the other ladies gave their very oldest things, and I'm going to send Polly because she's lost her wig. Folks only put in the missionary-box what they don't want themselves."

"I'm going to give these," said Guy, sturdily. "If they only get old things in the boxes, they can have a little s'prise party with my good books. I guess the baby will like the ball if he can't read."

"I am afraid Guy is right," said one of the ladies, with very red cheeks, while Guy's mamma fell on her knees beside the box and took out a very shabby old dress.

"Let's follow Guy's example and send something very nice this time," said another lady. "In an hour we can get lots of things together and I'm going to try."

Guy did not know what it was all about, but the ladies all hurried away and came back in a short time with nice new clothes for the missionary and his family, some lovely shoes for the baby, pretty handkerchiefs, and even some candy and popcorn.

"Isn't it going to be a missionary-box, mamma?" asked Gertrude, with wide-open eyes. "I thought you never sent nice things to the poor people in the West."

"We are going to this time," said mamma, crowding the nice clothes into the vacant space. "Do you want to send Polly?"

"Not if you are going to take out all the old things like that. I'll send Josephine, for she is the very best child I have. Do you know, mamma, I'm glad not to lose Polly, for all she has no wig? I'm glad those poor people are going to get some nice presents, aren't you?"

And all the ladies kissed Guy and said he was a dear little missionary himself for giving his pretty things first.

—Cumberland Presbyterian.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men,
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won,
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

—R. H. Stoddard.

WHAT TO TELL.

Tell me all the good you can about the people that you know. Tell me only the good about the people of whom you speak. Tell me the things which will make me think well of people and of life. Tell me the things which will make my sun shine, my heart glad, and my soul to rejoice. Tell me the things which will straighten up my thinking and give me the principles of work and of play and of thought. Tell me the things which will make me ashamed of compromise and pretense. Tell me the things which will make it easier for me to believe in the religion of Jesus Christ as a working theory of life. Tell me the things which will harden into a steady conviction my belief into the Christianity of the Son of God. Tell me the things which will fortify my faith, in man, in God, and in heaven. Tell me the things which make you cheerless and needy, and I will tell you of the Man who understands and who says sweetly, seriously and savingly to you: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Edward F. Reimer.

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THREE FAMOUS SPEECHES.

When he was twenty-five years old Lincoln thought he would run for the Legislature and he addressed a cross-roads meeting thus: "Gentlemen, fellow citizens: I presume you know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by some friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics can be briefly stated. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. If elected I shall be thankful. If not it will be all the same."

Nominated for a second term he was congratulated and complimented by the Union League of Philadelphia, and when assured that he was the man to save the nation he said: "I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in this country; but I am reminded in this connection of the story of an old Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, who remarked to a companion that it is not best to swap horses when crossing a stream."

At Gettysburg he said: "We here highly resolved, that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from this earth."—Choice Selections for Children.

HER ONE REGRET.

Some years ago there passed away one of those lovely souls whom we call "saints on earth." Her whole life had been one inspiration and help to all around her, and her end was not less triumphant. One by one her friends were summoned to her bedside to receive her farewell blessing, and each felt, as she left her, that she had been on hallowed ground. One day her niece, who cared for her, said, "O aunt, what a wonderful thing it is that you can look back over your long life and find that there is absolutely nothing you have ever done that could cause you regret!" The feeble old lady smiled a little sadly, and said:

"But there are things I regret."

"You, aunt!" cried her niece incredulous. "What could you find to regret?"

"I regret," she replied, "the good times I might have had and did not!"

There is a deep lesson in this. The conscientious housewife is apt to be a Martha, "cumbered with much serving," and in her absorption in her daily routine she lets the opportunities for change and recreation slip by her. This is wrong to her household as well as to herself. She owes her family the cheering atmosphere that can only come from a happy, well-balanced nature. To keep at her best the home-maker must have an outside stimulus. So begin this domestic year with the resolution that you will not let imaginary obstacles stand in the way of your enjoyment.—Harper's Bazar.

Read your Bibles. Fill your whole souls with the thought of Christ; make Him not only a Redeemer, but a Brother; not only a Saviour, but a Friend.—Canon Farrar.

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